

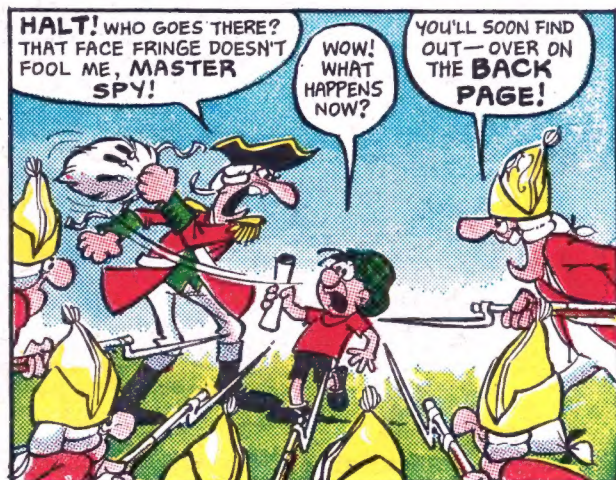
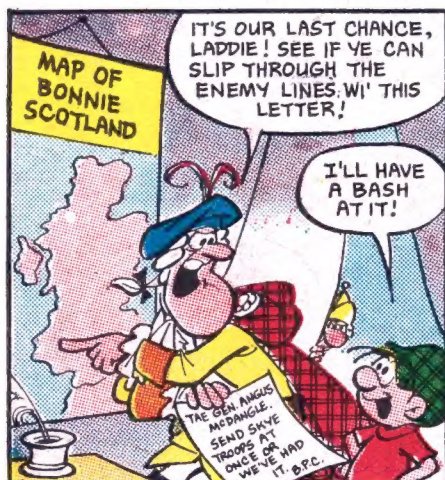
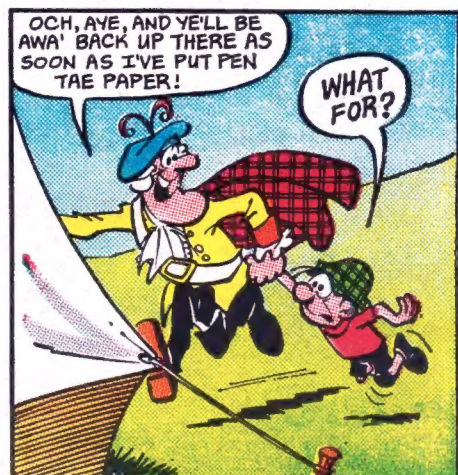
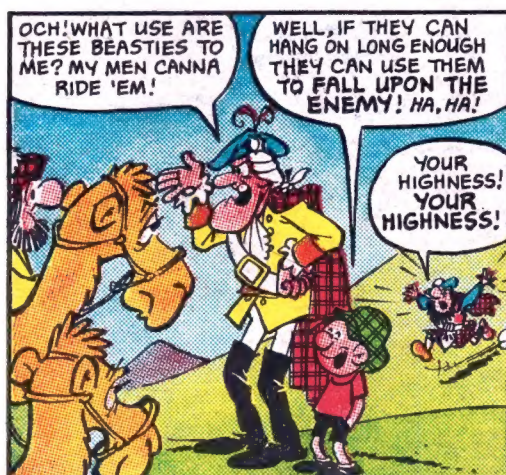
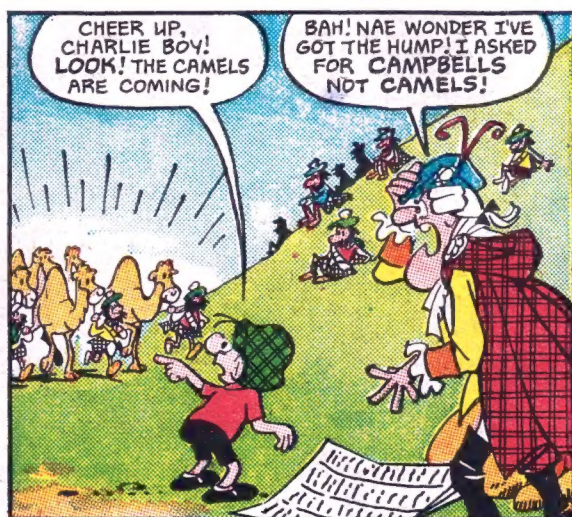
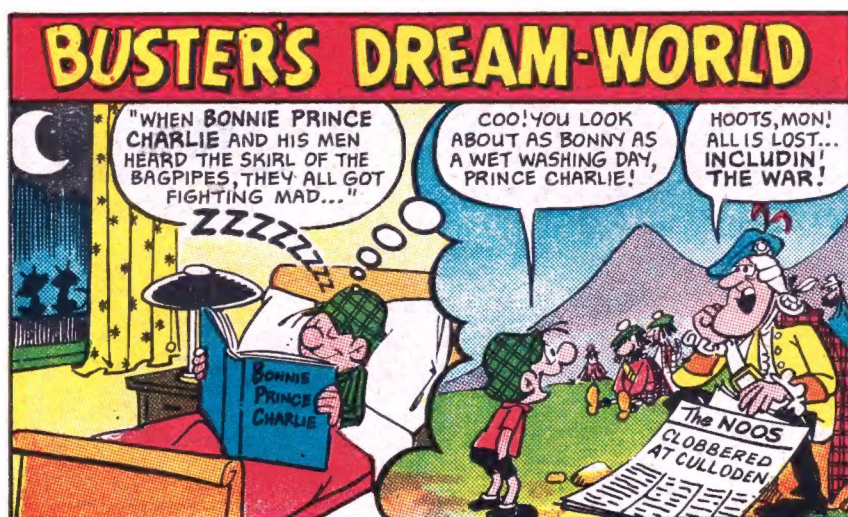
BUSTER ^{7d}

and Giggle

EVERY MONDAY

25th JANUARY, 1969

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; S. Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; E. Africa 1.00 cents; W. Africa 1/-; Malta 9d.; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.85; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .70; Norge. Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Italia L. 120; Sverige Kr. .75 inkl. moms.

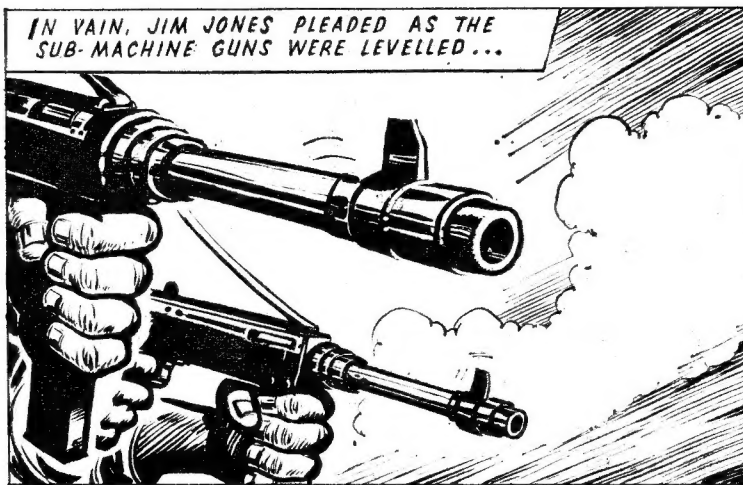


WITH SUB-MACHINE GUNS TRAINED ON THE COMPANIONS, ALL HOPE OF SURVIVAL SEEMED LOST!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout South America. With Jim and Danny Jones, Galaxus had foiled the "White Sky-Lord" who had built a strange machine to destroy Brasilia. But in the uproar the space-creature was knocked senseless, and armed troops closed in...



GALAXUS HAD TO USE THE AMAZING POWERS AT HIS COMMAND . . . OR PERISH !

WITH EVERYONE THROWN CLEAR BY THE TOIL-CREATURE'S FANTASTIC SNEEZE, JIM JONES SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET . . .

GALAXUS, YOU'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER! FREEZE YOURSELF, OLD FRIEND! HURRY!

UUUUU!



BEWILDERED AND DAZED THOUGH HE WAS, THE SPACE-CREATURE OBEYED AT ONCE—AND HIS ENTIRE BODY GLISTENED WITH A SOLID WHITE FROST AS HE LOWERED HIS TEMPERATURE TO MANY DEGREES BELOW FREEZING POINT . . .

S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HIM! FIRE, YOU DOLTS, FIRE!



THE SOLDIERS WERE ON TARGET—BUT GALAXUS DIDN'T EVEN FLINCH!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, LIEUTENANT. HIS FUR IS SO HARD NOW, THE BULLETS ARE JUST BOUNCING OFF!

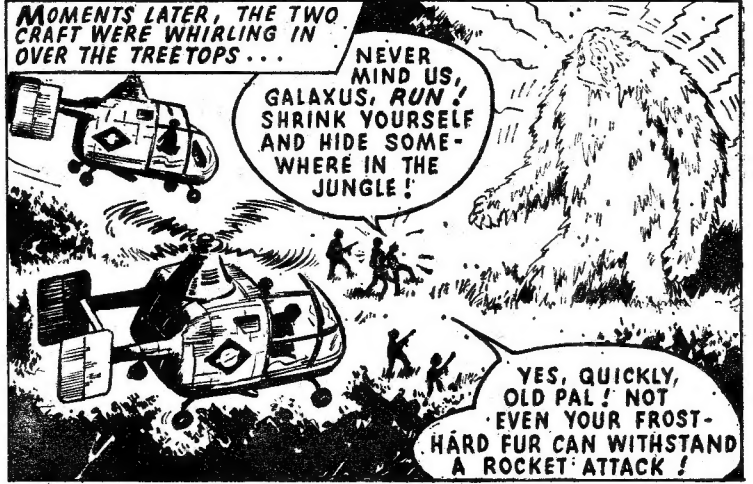
YOU TWO WILL PAY FOR THIS! SERGEANT, RADIO THE HELICOPTERS TO ATTACK WITH ROCKETS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE TWO CRAFT WERE WHIRLING IN OVER THE TREETOPS . . .

NEVER MIND US, GALAXUS, RUN! SHRINK YOURSELF AND HIDE SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE!

YES, QUICKLY, OLD PAL! NOT EVEN YOUR FROST-HARD FUR CAN WITHSTAND A ROCKET ATTACK!



THE SPACE-CREATURE WHIRLED—BUT SUDDENLY, A DAZZLING BEAM OF LIGHT SHOT UP FROM THE JUNGLE NEARBY, AND . . .

VRAAAAM!

WHAT THE..?

OVER THERE—IT'S THE WHITE SKY-LORD! HE MUST HAVE COME TO SALVAGE HIS FLYING MACHINE AND MANAGED TO GET THE DISINTEGRATOR BEAM WORKING AGAIN!



NOW DO YOU BELIEVE US? WE TRIED TO TELL YOU THERE WAS AN OLD MAN BEHIND THE ATTACK ON BRASILIA! A FANATIC DETERMINED TO DESTROY THE CITY!

I KNOW THAT FACE! IT IS BERNARD LAYAFETTE!

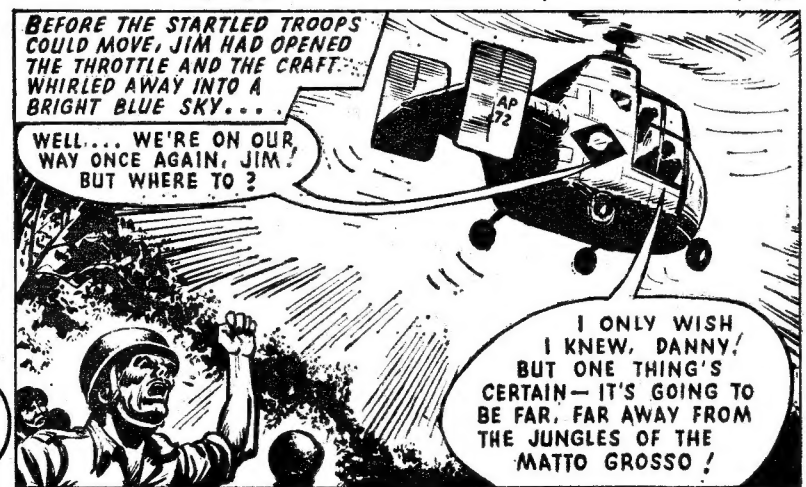
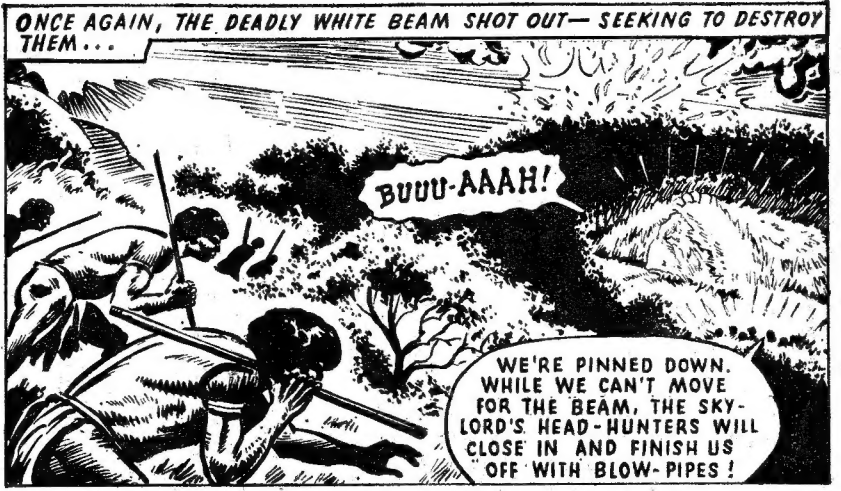


OF COURSE! FIFTEEN YEARS AGO HE WAS REMOVED FROM A POSITION OF POWER IN THE GOVERNMENT. HE FLED TO THE JUNGLE—AND EVERYONE THOUGHT HIM DEAD!

INSTEAD, HE MADE FRIENDS WITH THE HEAD-HUNTERS AND STARTED PLOTTING A TERRIBLE REVENGE!



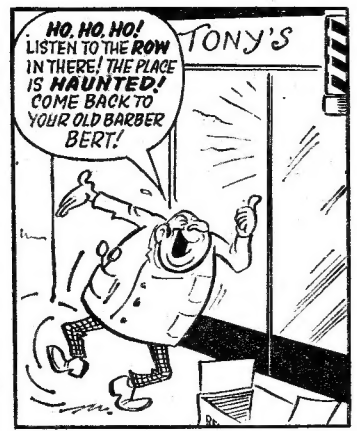
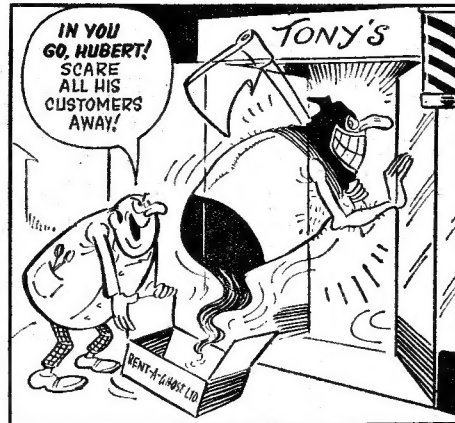
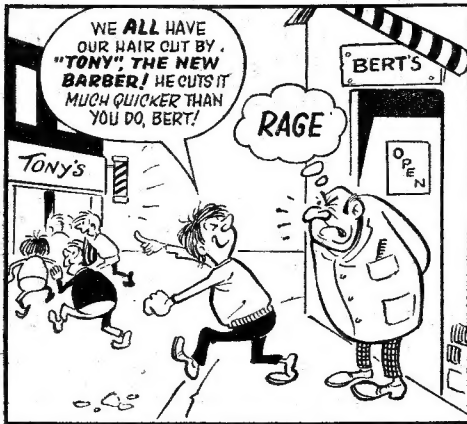
CONTINUED OVERLEAF—



WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR THE EVER-RUNNING COMPANIONS? MORE EXCITEMENT NEXT WEEK!

A SCHEMING BARBER HOPES A GHOST AXE-MAN WILL CUT INTO HIS RIVAL'S TRADE!

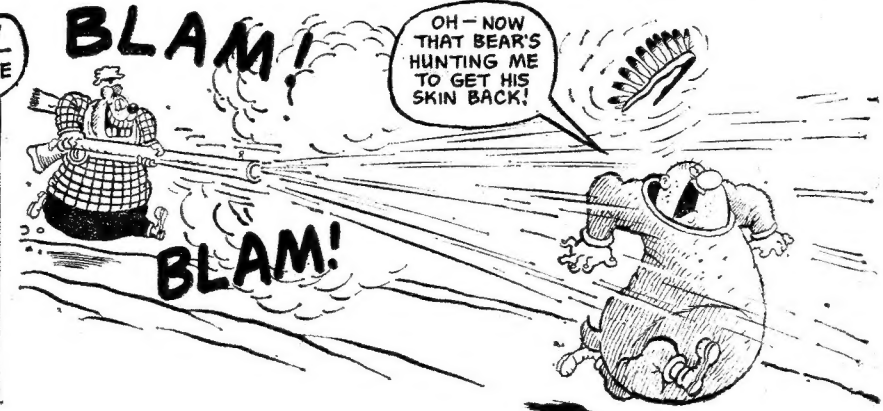
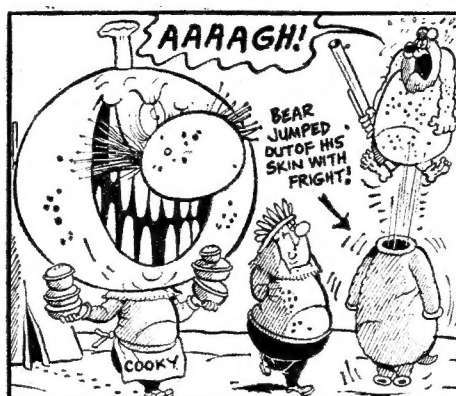
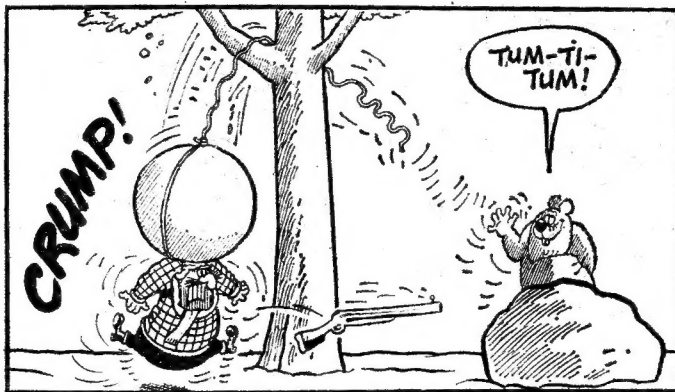
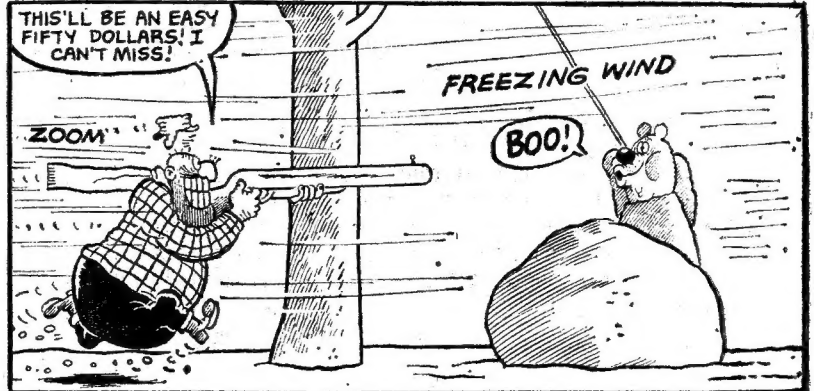
RENT-A-GHOST Ltd.



A "RENT-A-GHOST" CUSTOMER FACES THE MUSIC WHEN HE HIRES A PHANTOM PIPER NEXT MONDAY!

A BEAR HUNTER IS BOLD ... BUT HIS PREY IS EVEN "BOULDER"!

BIG CHIEF POW WOW



HIT THE LAUGHTER TRAIL WITH CHIEF POW WOW AGAIN NEXT WEEK, PALS!

HELLO, CHUMS!



WON any awards from the Club lately? Well, there are other ways to success, apart from one big competition and birth date game... such as sending me an interesting letter, 'cos every one printed wins a prize!

Or how about appearing in our Portrait Gallery one week? I award special prizes for that, as well! Just send a recent, clear head-and-shoulders photograph of yourself, with your full name, address and date of birth on the back, plus a list of your hobbies and interests.

But **DON'T FORGET** to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that I can return the photo later!

Your old pal,

Buster.

MY ADDRESS:

Buster's Birthday Club,
1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4

(Comp.)

BUSTER'S *Birthday* CLUB

FOR OVERSEAS MEMBERS

ATENTION, all overseas members who have been waiting for a chance to enter a BUSTER Club Competition. Here it is, chums—a special contest for members living abroad, and there are 20 smashing book prizes waiting for the 20 best entries according to age!

You must, of course, be a member of the Buster Club to take part, then all you have to do to try for these grand awards is count very carefully the number of times the word "CLUB" appears on this page.

When you've finished counting, write your total on a postcard or sheet of paper like this: "The word Club appears 00 times" and add your full name, address and date of birth. Get your parent or a guardian to sign the entry, showing that it is your own, unaided work, then mark the card or envelope "CLUB COUNT" in the top, left corner. Finally, post it to reach the Club address by Friday, 13th June. My decision is final.

Remember, gang, this competition is for **OVERSEAS CLUB MEMBERS ONLY**—for those of you who don't live abroad, be sure not to miss next week's BUSTER! There will be a super competition for you to enter!

PICK A PRIZE, DATE-SPOTTERS!

1st NOVEMBER, 1961

24th JUNE, 1956

8th MAY, 1960

15th AUGUST, 1957

19th MARCH, 1959

28th JANUARY, 1958



ALL set to win a Birth Date Award? Then check those six dates above very carefully, because if one of them is YOUR birth date—exact, day, month and year—and providing you joined the Club before Monday, 13th January, you can choose any one of these prizes: **Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Pocket Knife, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, or a Painting-by-Numbers Set.**

Write your choice of award on a postcard, and add your full name, address and date of birth. Then post it to reach the Club address by Friday, 31st January—or 13th June, if you live abroad.

Prizes will be awarded for all correct entries from registered members who are "dated" above.

Remember, you cannot win another Birth Date Prize if you have already received one from the Club!

A TALE OF WOE

HERE's a real "hard luck story" from Smethwick member **Colin Owen**. Poor Colin! Just listen to what's happened to him!

"Last week I had my bicycle stolen, and the week before that, my football jersey. I haven't seen my new comb for two days, and now my new raincoat has disappeared. To make matters worse, I've just found that my football boots are too small for me, and the doctor says I'm going down with the 'flu."

"After this run of bad luck, I decided to write to the Club Page—because my copy of BUSTER has just arrived, and has cheered me up a lot. It has helped me to forget my troubles—at least for the time being."

Cheer up, Colin! It can't be all that bad! After all... you've just won ten shillings for your interesting letter!

DAFFYNITIONS

DO you know any 'daffy definitions' like those below? If so, write your favourite on a postcard marked "DAFFYNITION" at the top, add your full name, address and birth date, then post to the Club address. Only Club members can win the prizes to be handed out for the ones that are printed!

NOTHING: A balloon with the skin off.
OLD CHEESE: Wilkin' Stilton.

SATCHEL: Over-the-Shoulder Folder Holder.

LADLE: Super Duper Souper Scooper.

BANANA: A grandmother sheep (Ba-nana).

TEACHER'S PET!

DIANA HAWKINS, a Club member who hails from Marlborough, sends in this story about her little cousin who started school recently.

"He was so excited about going to school," writes Diana, "that he used to visit us every evening, and tell us all about the experiences he'd had that day in class."

"He even liked going to school more than having holidays, and would get ever so grouchy on weekends, until Monday morning came, and he could go to classes again!"

"One day I asked him why he liked school so much. 'Because my teacher likes me,' was his answer. 'And how do you know she likes you?' I asked."

"Because all my sums get kisses beside them, was his reply. He didn't know that those 'kisses' meant his sums were wrong!"

"HOOTS, MON... WE'RE ALL BUSTER FANS"

INTRODUCING four Club members... all from north of the border! These young Scots think BUSTER is the greatest!

Alan Macpherson, 12, hails from Aberdeen. His interests include reading, horse-riding, making model cars and collecting stamps.



Meet **Thomas Boyd**, above, from Perth. He's 11 years old, enjoys swimming and playing cricket. Where did you get that smashing hat, Tom?



Edinburgh member John Headspeath, is 12. He hopes to go on holiday to France in the near future, so that he can practise his French!

And here's **William Findleton**, aged 11, from Cumnock. He spends his spare time reading, collecting stamps and entering competitions.



FREE 20 diff. GREAT BRITAIN LARGE COMMEMORATIVES

(Subject to slight variation)

Send a 4d. stamp for postage and ask to see our famous **PICTORIAL DISCOUNT APPROVALS**.

Approvals are not sent outside the British Isles but this offer can be had for 3/- to those not wanting our approvals.



(Please tell your parents you are applying)

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (BT4),
33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER DORSE

FEARLESS DRIVING BROUGHT THE YOUNG RACE-ACE TO THE BRINK OF VICTORY!

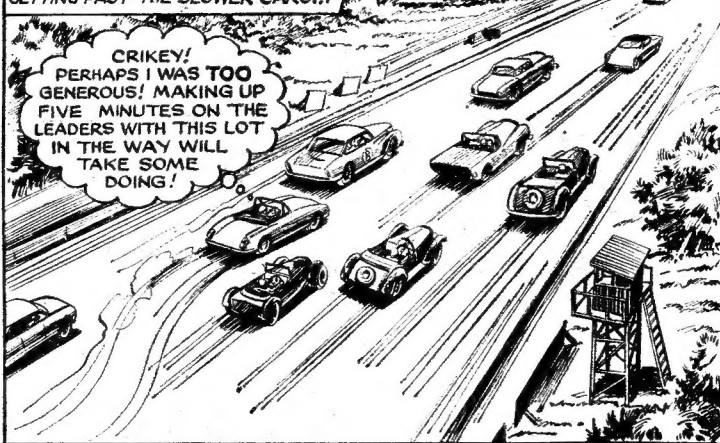


Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox wanted to take their car abroad for a race in Spain. To raise travelling expenses, Simon organised an event himself and agreed to pay one hundred pounds to anyone who could beat him...

The SKID KIDS



SIMON SOON FOUND DIFFICULTY IN GETTING PAST THE SLOWER CARS...



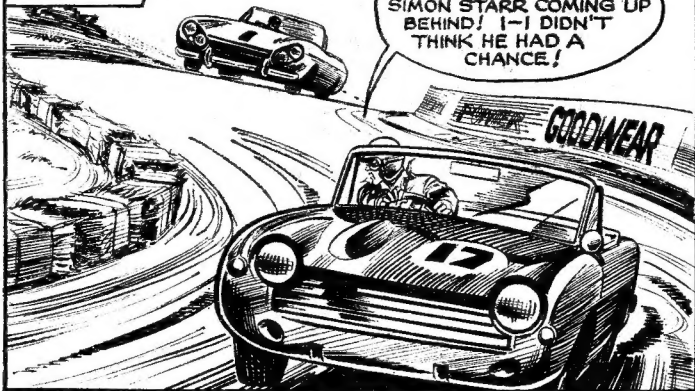
CRUISE!
PERHAPS I WAS TOO GENEROUS! MAKING UP FIVE MINUTES ON THE LEADERS WITH THIS LOT IN THE WAY WILL TAKE SOME DOING!

AS IT HAPPENED, BRAINBOX HAD SEEN HIS PAL'S PROBLEM...



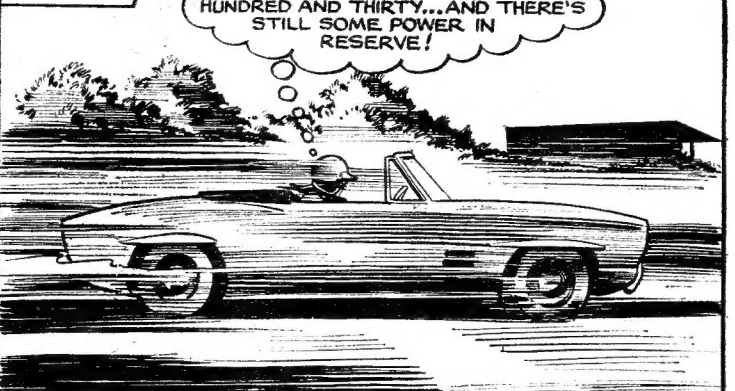
EVEN IF SOME OF THE COMPETITORS CAN'T DRIVE VERY WELL... THEY CAN ALL READ! THEY'RE GIVING WAY NOW!

UNTIL THEN, THE RACE LEADER THOUGHT HE HAD THE RACE IN THE BAG...



HOWLING EXHAUSTS! THAT'S SIMON STARR COMING UP BEHIND! I-I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD A CHANCE!

SIMON WAS TRAVELLING FLAT OUT...



ONE LAP TO GO! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! GOSH, THIS IS A GREAT CAR! I'M PUSHING ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY... AND THERE'S STILL SOME POWER IN RESERVE!

AT THE TRACK-SIDE...



COME ON, SIMON! IF YOU DON'T WIN... WE CAN SAY GOODBYE TO THAT RACE IN SPAIN! WE JUST WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD TO GET THERE!

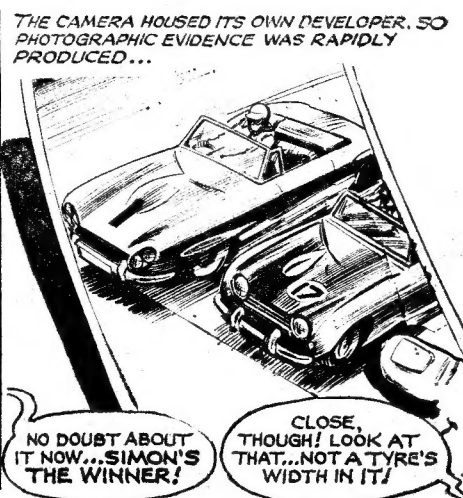
BOTH CARS CHARGED OVER THE LINE, ALMOST WHEEL TO WHEEL...



H-HE JUST DID IT! SIMON WON!

NO... HE LOST! THE OTHER GUY HUNG ON TO FIRST PLACE!

IN MY BOOK IT WAS A DEAD-HEAT! I'M SURE OF IT!

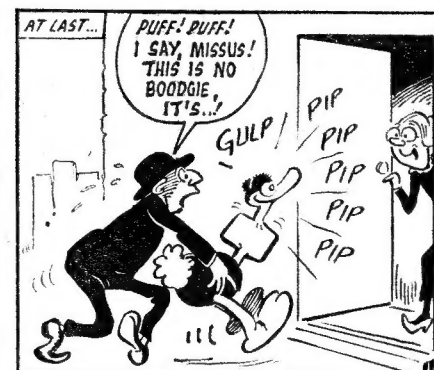
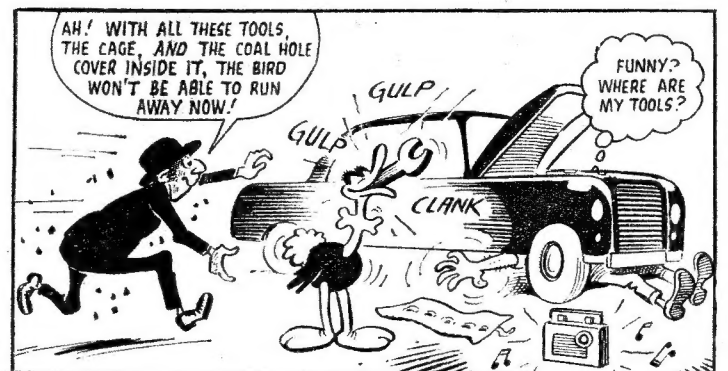
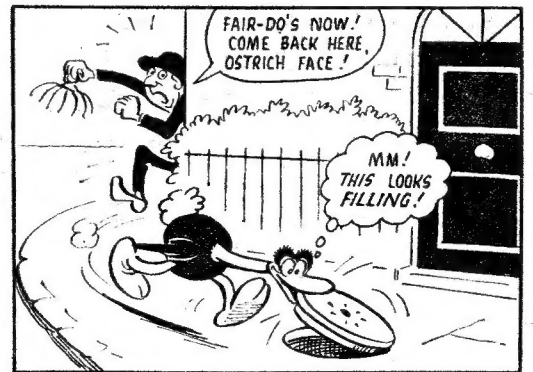
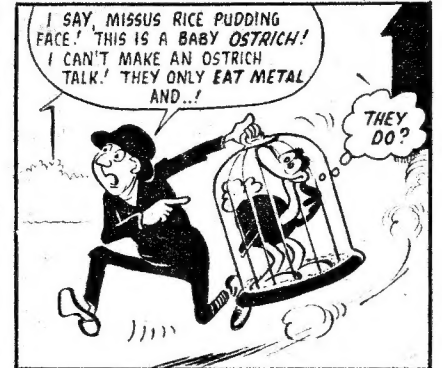
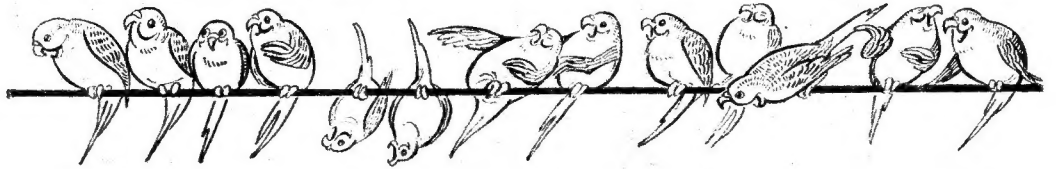


SO THE SKID KIDS CAN TAKE ON THE CHALLENGE IN SPAIN! HOW WILL THEY FARE? SEE NEXT MONDAY!

FREDDIE HAS TO BE ON HIS "METAL" WHEN HE TANGLES WITH AN IRON-EATING OSTRICH!



FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



THE BUDGIES GIVE THE BIRD TO AN IDEA OF AN OUTSIDE AVIARY NEXT WEEK!

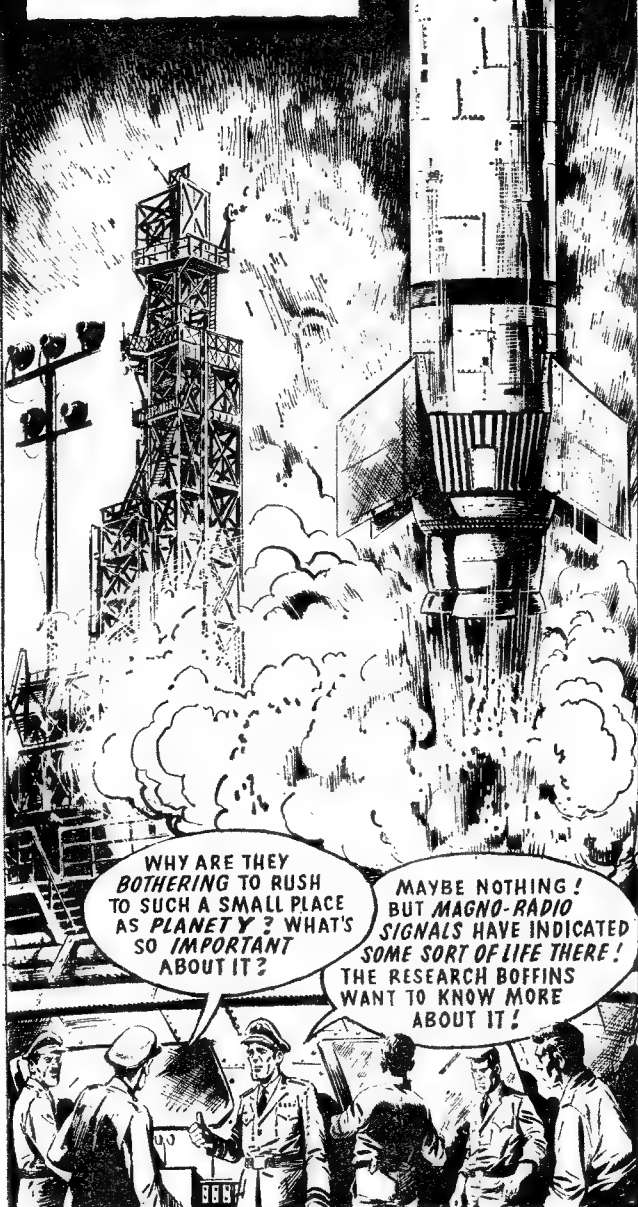
STARTS TODAY! ACTION, THRILLS AND ADVENTURE WITH A SUPER-HERO OF THE 21st CENTURY!



ROAMIN' JAMES

- SPACE PILOT!

A.D. 2069. FROM THE WORLD SPACE-EXPLORATION CENTRE, A GIANT ROCKET CARRYING A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS WAS BLASTED SKYWARDS ...

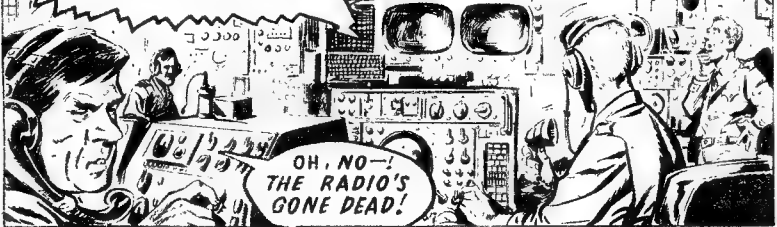


WHY ARE THEY BOTHERING TO RUSH TO SUCH A SMALL PLACE AS PLANET Y? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT IT?

MAYBE NOTHING! BUT MAGNO-RADIO SIGNALS HAVE INDICATED SOME SORT OF LIFE THERE! THE RESEARCH BOFFINS WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT IT!

WITHIN AN HOUR OF THE LANDING ON PLANET Y A MESSAGE WAS FLASHED BACK TO EARTH ...

OUR RE-LAUNCH BOOSTER HAS BEEN DAMAGED! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE OFF FROM HERE WITHOUT ... WITHOUT ...



OH, NO! THE RADIO'S GONE DEAD!

AN EMERGENCY MEETING WAS CALLED ...



WE'VE HAD NO MORE CONTACT FROM PLANET Y, SIR! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON UP THERE!

BUT WE DO KNOW THEY NEED A REPLACEMENT RE-LAUNCH ASSEMBLY! FREIGHT ONE TO THEM IMMEDIATELY... WITH A TECHNICIAN CAPABLE OF CONNECTING IT TO THEIR SHIP...

A TOP TECHNICIAN WATCHED THE VITAL EQUIPMENT BEING LOADED INTO A MONSTER SPACE-TRANSPORTER...



I CAN HANDLE MY END OF THE JOB! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PILOT WHO IS FLYING ME THERE?

YOU MEAN CAPTAIN JAMES... OR "ROAMIN' JAMES" AS HE CALLS HIMSELF? DON'T WORRY! HE'S A BIT OF A 'CHARACTER'... BUT THE BEST SPACE-FREIGHTER JOCKEY IN THE BUSINESS!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

THE GIANT SPACE-ROCKET SOARED ALOFT... DESTINATION PLANET Y!

THEN ALONG CAME ROAMIN' JAMES...

HOWDY, MISTER! ME AND COMANCHE HERE ARE READY AND RARIN' TO GO! SO LET'S MOSEY ABOARD AND HIT THE TRAIL TO THE STARS!

HE.. HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A NINETEENTH CENTURY COWBOY THAN A SPACE PILOT! AND DON'T TELL ME HE'S TAKING THAT DOG WITH HIM...

EVER ALERT, ROAMIN' JAMES HEARD THE TECHNICIAN'S OUTRAGED WHISPER...

WHY, THAT HOUND-DOG HAS CHECKED IN MORE SPACE-HOURS THAN YOU'VE HAD HAM 'N' EGGS FER BREAKFAST! OLD COMANCHE'S KEEN NOSE BEATS ANY RADAR SCREEN FOR SNIFFIN' OUT TROUBLE...

I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, CAPTAIN! BUT... WELL, YOU DON'T EXACTLY LOOK HOW I IMAGINED AN ACE SPACE-PILOT WOULD LOOK!

YOU MEAN THIS HERE STETSON AND THE TWO COLTS I'M TOTIN', I RECKON! WAAL, US JAMESES HAVE BEEN IN THE FREIGHTIN' BUSINESS EVER SINCE MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDPAPPY LED A WAGON TRAIN FROM THE ROCKIES DOWN TO THE MEXICAN BORDER!

THESE BELONGED TO HIM... AND HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN THROUGH EACH GENERATION!

WITHIN SECONDS OF BLAST-OFF, EARTH WAS LEFT A FAR, FAR DISTANCE BEHIND THEM...

AT LAST...

I FIGURE THE OTHER SHIP LANDED AROUND HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO MOSEY AROUND ON FOOT A-PIECE AND SEE IF WE CAN SPOT THE CREW!

APPARENTLY THE ATMOSPHERE HERE IS THE SAME AS ON EARTH, SO WE WON'T NEED TO WEAR SPACE-HELMETS!

THEY BRING ME GOOD LUCK... AND IF THE HUNCH I'VE GOT IS ANYTHING TO GO BY, WE'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE LUCK WE CAN GET ON PLANET Y!

AN EERIE SILENCE SURROUNDED THE NEWCOMERS, ONLY THE ECHOES OF ROAMIN' JAMES' CALLS CAME BACK FROM THE STARK VOLCANIC PEAKS...

THERE'S THE SHIP! BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE!

THE MEN MUST HAVE DECIDED TO PITCH BASE CAMP SOMEPLACE ELSE—AND I THINK OLD COMANCHE'S PICKED UP THEIR SCENT...

A MILE FARTHER ON THEY FOUND THE CAMP, BUT...

EVERYTHING'S RIPPED AND TORN! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

SURE DON'T LOOK GOOD... HEY, COMANCHE, WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU? JUMPIN' POLECATS!

AN ALARMING SIGHT LOOMED LARGE IN THE COMPANIONS' EYES...

AAAAAAHHH!... WHAT IS IT?

RECKON I DON'T KNOW! BUT IT SURE DON'T LOOK LIKE A FRIEND OF OURS!

ROAMIN' JAMES ACTED INSTINCTIVELY, BUT THE CRASH OF HIS TWIN COLTS WAS DROWNED IN A MONSTROUS AIR-SHIVERING ROAR...

BRR PRAAGH!

MY BULLETS ARE GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH IT!



EVEN IF ROAMIN' DOES GET FREE ... IS HE DOOMED? READ ON IN NEXT WEEK'S ALL-ACTION EPISODE!



OUT TODAY! THRILLING STORIES OF DRAMATIC BATTLE ACTION!

A FORCE DIVIDED No. 377

An old rivalry split the ranks of the desert raiders.

THE JUNGLE HAS EYES No. 378

Tough Aussies and green Pommies make an explosive mixture!

HELL'S HOTTEST ACRE No. 379

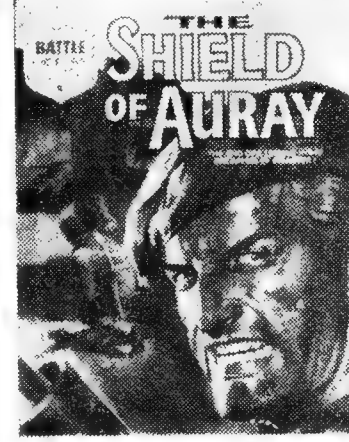
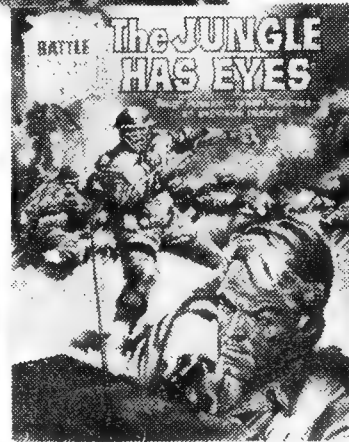
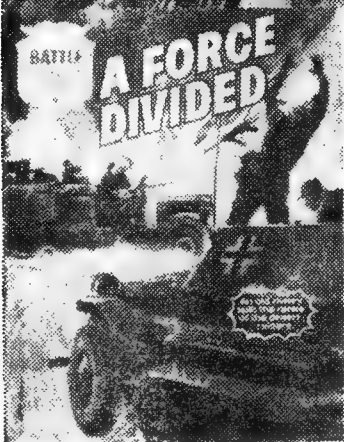
Half the battalion died—someone was to blame!

THE SHIELD OF AURAY No. 380

The end of a legend was the beginning of disaster.

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY

Four powerful titles the third Monday of every month
1/- each (U.K. price only) Get them TODAY from newsagents and booksellers everywhere

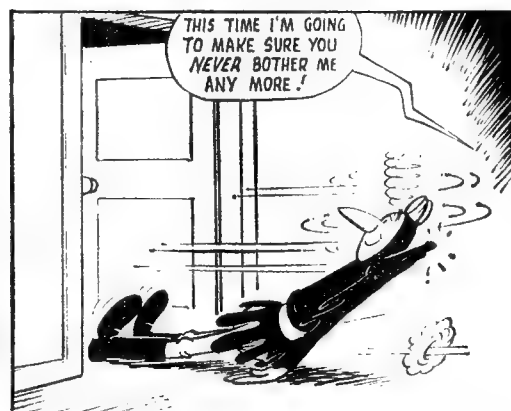
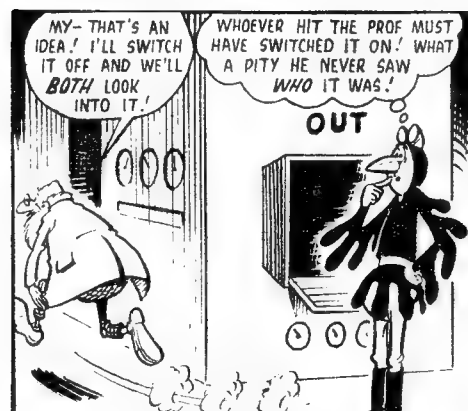
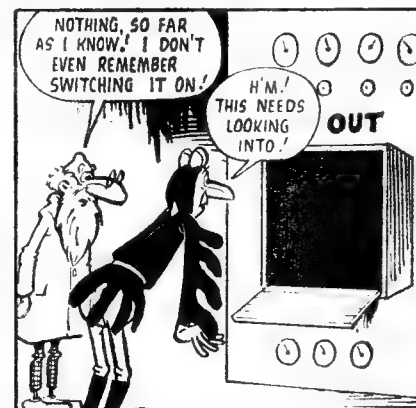
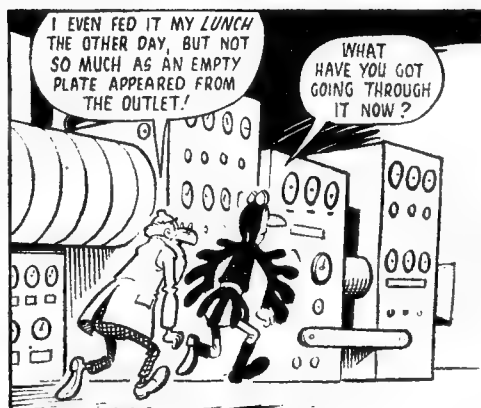
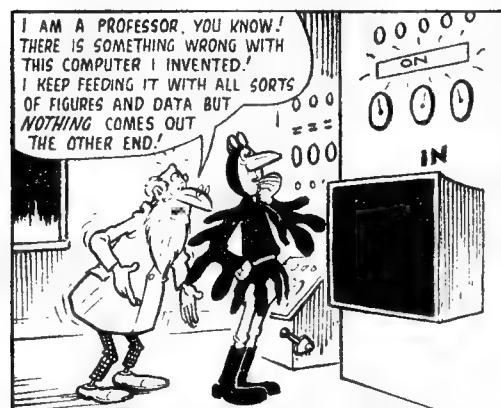
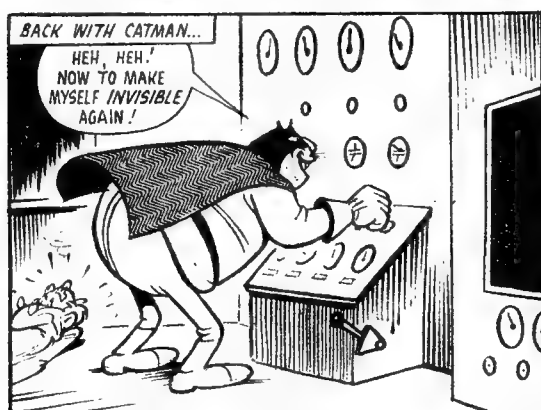
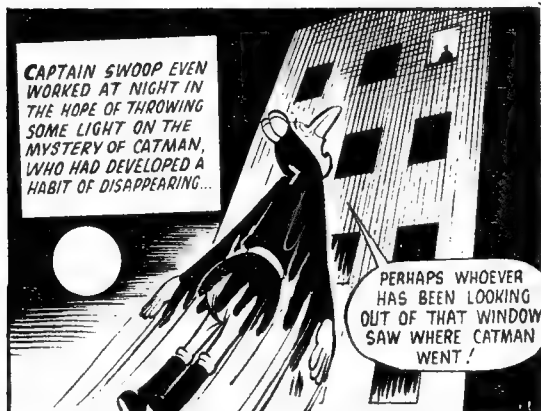
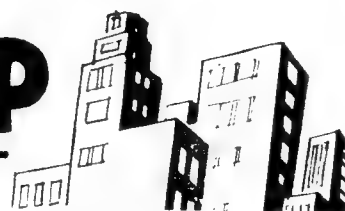


TROUBLE IN VIEW FOR SWOOP... FROM SOMEONE HE CAN'T EVEN SEE!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



WHAT A "DRAG"! IS OUR HERO DOWN AND OUT? MORE MIRTH NEXT WEEK!

Put ACTION into your "MATCHBOX"® collection!



Drives all your "MATCHBOX" collection!

Lucky "MATCHBOX" collectors! Your models can now whizz along, on this super new "MATCHBOX" Motorway. It fits together easily in lots of different layouts, for 2-car, one-way racing, or takes up to 20 cars for two-way Motorway traffic.

From your "MATCHBOX" shop

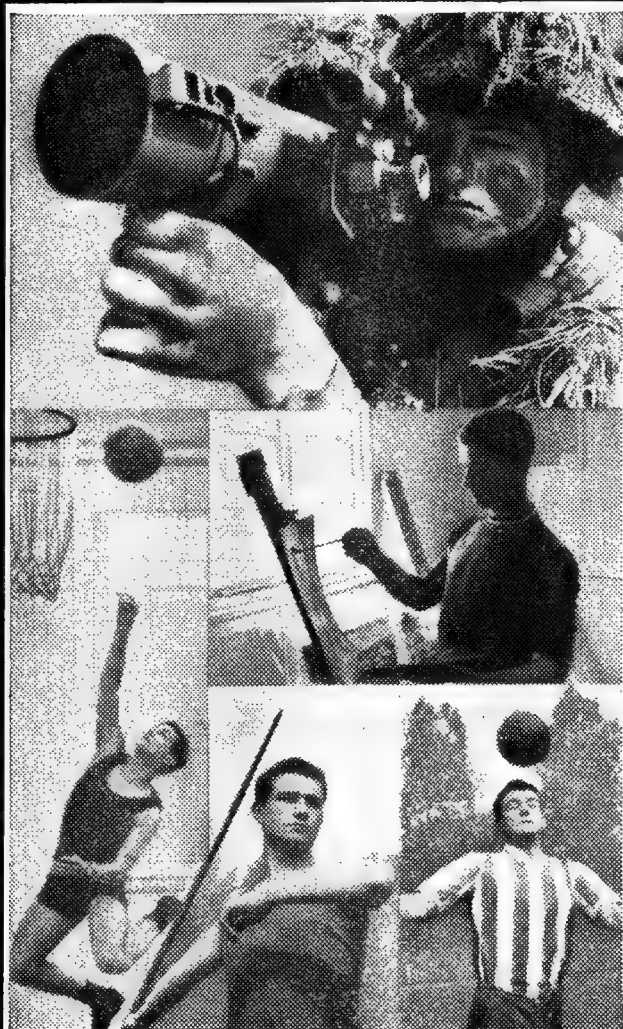


"MATCHBOX" Motorway

PRICE 102/6

Lesney Products & Co. Ltd. Dept. B.M.
Lee Conservancy Road, London, E.9.

"MATCHBOX"® MOTORWAY



Mike Boswell's never bored nowadays

Mike Boswell's routine at work includes: weapon training, map reading, infantry tactics, football, basketball and athletics. All this is aimed at teaching him to lead men in tomorrow's Army. He paints too—it's all part of his army life.

While doing all this he gets ten weeks paid holiday every year. He gets enough money to enable him to save at least £30 a term. And he gets treated like a man. It's part of the training.

When he's finished at his Junior Leaders Unit, he can look forward to a good career in the Army. Junior Leaders get quick promotion when they join their regiments. Many of them make Lance Corporal within a year.

If you are between 15-17 and want to find out how you can get a life as interesting and exciting as Mike's, go to your Army Careers Information Office (the address is at your local Post Office), or fill in this coupon.

To: Army Careers, MP6(A),
Lansdowne House,
Berkeley Sq., London W1X 6AA
Please send me full details of
Army Junior Entry Schemes.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

COUNTY

DATE OF BIRTH..... J61451303
(You must be resident in the U.K.)

ALL OF A SUDDEN THE BRIDGE GAVE WAY... WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS FOR THE GIPSY LEADER!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching the Lake District, he was dropped into a pothole by a tribe of gipsies who believed he had come from the sea to destroy them. But Fishboy escaped—and later he saw the gipsies again...



THE MEN WERE CROSSING A BRIDGE WHICH HAD BEEN WEAKENED BY FLOOD WATER...



BUT THE AGED TRIBAL ELDER, WHO HAD EARLIER ORDERED FISHBOY'S DESTRUCTION, WAS LESS AGILE THAN HIS COMPANIONS...



INSTANTLY, THE CARAVAN BEGAN TO SINK...



DOWN, DOWN HE DIVED THROUGH THE SWIRLING WATERS...



GRIMLY, FISHBOY SMASHED THE WINDOW AND TRIED TO WRIGGLE THROUGH. BUT...



THE MORE THE YOUNGSTER STRUGGLED, THE WORSE HIS PLIGHT BECAME. THEN, SLIGHTLY TO ONE SIDE OF THE WINDOW-FRAME, FISHBOY NOTICED SOMETHING...



TAKING A DEEP GULP OF WATER, FISHBOY BURBLED LOUD AND LONG IN THE STRANGE UNDERSEA LANGUAGE ALL FISH-CREATURES COULD UNDERSTAND...

FULPRAANOG-LA GOK!
HURFAT!

FROM A COASTAL ESTUARY NOT FAR AWAY, A SHOAL OF FLOUNDER STARTED SPEEDING TO THE RESCUE!

PLIG
VUNOT ALA!
CUJ! CUJ!

GUIDED BY FISHBOY'S INSTRUCTIONS, THE FISH SLID THEIR SAUCER-THIN BODIES THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE WALL...

GOOD! FLAT ONES UNDERSTAND! THEY WILL CARRY AXE FROM METAL BOX SO THAT FISHBOY CAN HACK HIS WAY FREE...

RUNNOLKA
DUURG!

ON THE FLOOR OF THE CARAVAN, A SMALL TOOL-BOX HAD BEEN SMASHED OPEN... REVEALING JUST THE TOOL THE YOUNGSTER NEEDED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY...

PLINK?

OKO CONNA FLAF?

FLAT ONES SWIM STEADILY... CARRY AXE TO ME AS ORDERED!

WITHIN SECONDS, FISHBOY HAD SMASHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE WINDOW FRAME — AND LYING AS HE WAS IN THE ONE REMAINING POCKET OF AIR, JOHNNY WISDOM STIRRED...

Y-YOU... THE DEMON FROM THE DEEP! G-GO AWAY!

YOU HAVE WRONGED ME, RING-EARED ONE. BUT FISHBOY HAS COME TO SAVE YOU!

TAKING THE OLD MAN IN HIS ARMS, FISHBOY STREAKED FOR THE SURFACE...

LOOK THERE! IT IS THE SEA-SPRITE WE TRIED TO DESTROY! HE HAS RETURNED TO TAKE HIS REVENGE!

SOMEONE FETCH A GUN! SHOOT HIM DOWN BEFORE JOHNNY WISDOM PERISHES!

NO! STOP! WE HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN, MY BROTHERS! THIS BEING MAY COME FROM THE SEA, BUT HE HAS JUST SAVED MY LIFE! HE MEANS US NO HARM!

THAT IS TRUE! FISHBOY ONLY WANTS TO BE FRIENDS...

JOHNNY WISDOM EXTENDED A GNARLED OLD HAND...

PERHAPS YOU CAN FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO FORGIVE US, STRANGE ONE... FOR I AM ASHAMED! ANY FAVOUR YOU ASK OF US SHALL BE GRANTED..!

FISHBOY WANT ONLY ONE THING! HELP IN FINDING PLACE CALLED LON-DON!

A SMALL REQUEST INDEED! COME... WE ARE HEADING SOUTH ON THE MAIN ROAD THIS VERY NIGHT! I HAVE FRIENDS WHO CAN TAKE YOU TO LONDON IN A MATTER OF HOURS!

HOURS? THEN FISHBOY'S JOURNEY ALMOST OVER! TOMORROW HE MIGHT BE SAFE IN ARMS OF LONG-LOST PARENTS!

BUT IF ONLY FISHBOY HAD KNOWN WHAT LAY IN STORE! BECAUSE FAR FROM BEING OVER, HIS LONG, DANGER-FILLED QUEST WAS ONLY JUST BEGINNING!

NEXT MONDAY, A JOURNEY INTO PERIL FOR THE BOY FROM THE SEA!

ALTHOUGH THE BOYS HARDLY COAT THEMSELVES WITH GLORY, T-T IS GALLANT TO THE END!

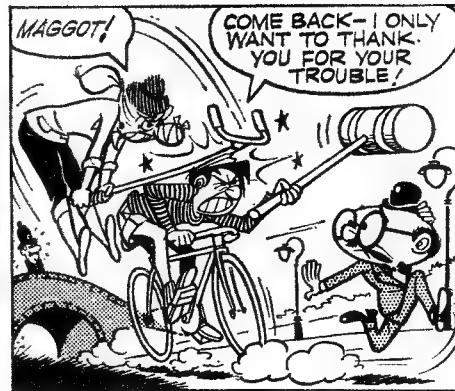
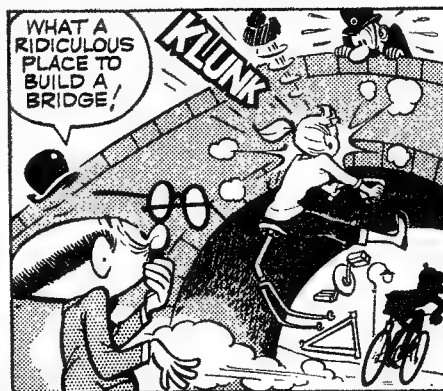
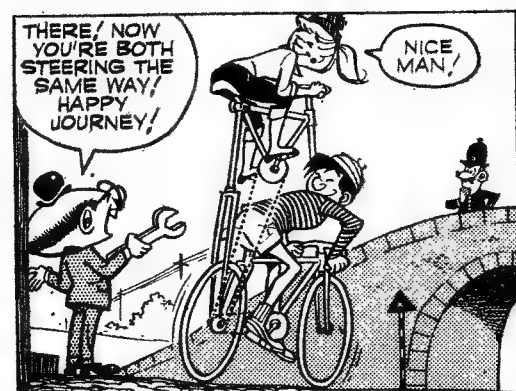
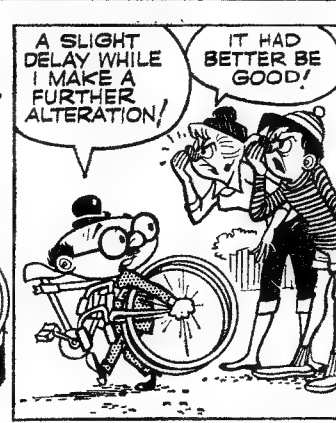
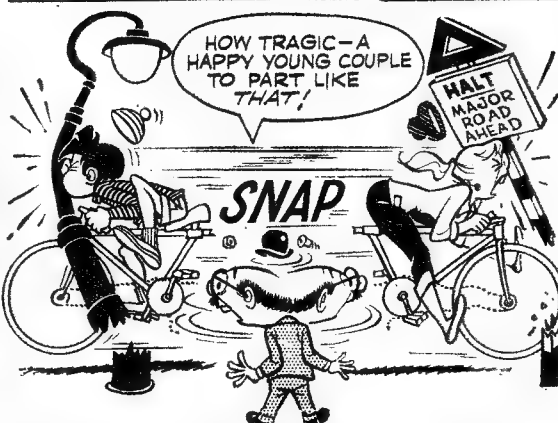
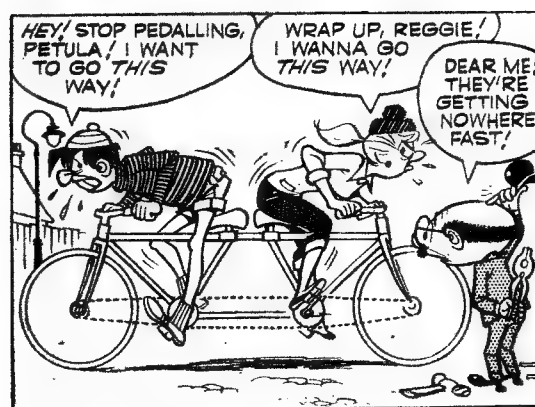
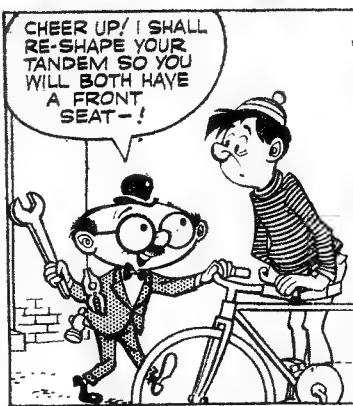
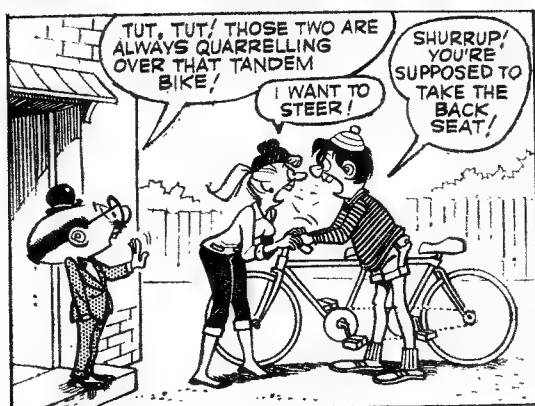
TIN TEACHER



ROUNDHEADS AND CAVALIERS NEXT WEEK! TIN TEACHER BRINGS EVENTS TO A HEAD!

WHERE THERE'S A "WHEEL" THERE'S A WAY... AS THE PROFESSOR TRIES TO PROVE WITH A BIKE!

Professor Nutcase



111 different stamps! **1½**

Giant collection includes: **5 CHURCHILL** gold inscribed commemoratives: Mauritius, Barbados and other scarce colonies. **MALAYSIA** fine mint set of 5 flowers: Trengganu, Kelantan, Johore. **RWANDA** magnificent **POPE PAUL**. Worth 5/9, to introduce Approvals. (Stamps sent for 14 days' inspection. Buy what you want, return the rest.) Tell your parents you are answering this advert.

SEND 1/- TODAY. ASK FOR LOT RF50.

BROADWAY APPROVALS
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You have not yet had your share of our—

MILLION FREE STAMPS

Write now for 100 different, plus **RUSSIANS**, plus **SPACE** stamps—all **FREE** if you request discount approvals, with lots of bargains and other free gift offers. Enclose two 3d. stamps for return postage and packing.

Please tell your parents.

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291, LONDON ROAD, LEFTWICH,
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35 GREAT BRITAIN FREE!

Including this magnificent 1953 Coronation. Plus 34 other Great Britain stamps—the collector's most popular country! Absolutely free to all asking to see the **Sterling Square Deal Approvals**. Just send 4d. stamp for postage. Please tell your parents.

STERLING Dept B/c
Lancing Sussex
STAMP SERVICE

RED AND WILLY DEFIED AUTHORITY . . . AND FOUND THEMSELVES IN DEADLY DANGER!

CRABBE'S CRUSADERS



After being shipwrecked, four orphan boys, "Smiler" Smith, "Red" O'Rork, Willy Evans, and Sammy Greig, drifted on to an uncharted island, on which Professor Crabbe had built up an organisation to fight for world peace—and they became his trusted Crusaders. Their present mission was to free Lim Hopo, the Premier of Palona, from Saluki Jail. But Smiler and Sammy had hit on an obstacle . . .



ATTACHING THE RUBBER SUCTION-PADS TO HIS HANDS AND FEET, SMILER BEGAN THE PERILOUS ASCENT...

TA-TA, SAMMY! WHEN I COME DOWN AGAIN, I'LL HAVE LIM HOPO WITH ME... I HOPE!

INCH BY INCH, FOOT BY FOOT, THE YOUNG COCKNEY SCALED HIS WAY UP THE OUTER WALL OF SALUKI JAIL...



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF CRABBE'S CRUSADERS—RED AND WILLY—WERE BEING INTERROGATED BY THE SALUKI SPECIAL POLICE...

SO! YOU STILL REFUSE TO ADMIT YOU ARE SPIES! BUT I SHALL MAKE YOU TALK! STAND THEM AGAINST THE WALL!

I-I TELL YOU WE'RE JUST HUMBLE FISHERMEN! THAT'S OUR BOAT OUT THERE!



THE BOYS WERE PUSHED AGAINST A WOODEN WALL AND CONFRONTED BY A... ROW OF ARCHERS...



BUT NEITHER RED NOR WILLY UTTERED A WORD...

VERY WELL, FIRE!



BY THIS TIME, SMILER HAD REACHED THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE GRIM PRISON TOWER...



HE SOON PICKED OUT THE FRAIL FIGURE OF LIM HOPO, AND, SHOUTING BOLDLY, HE HURLED A STRANGE MASK DOWN TO HIM...



EVEN AS THE BULLETS BEGAN TO WHISTLE ROUND HIS HEAD, SMILER TOOK A SMALL GLASS SPHERE FROM THE KNAPSACK AND HURLED IT DOWN INTO THE EXERCISE YARD BELOW...



EVERYONE WAS COMPLETELY UNSIGHTED... EXCEPT LIM HOPO, WHOSE INFRA-RED MASK ENABLED HIM TO SEE THROUGH THE MURK...



GRATEFULLY, THE PRIME MINISTER OF PAI ONA CLAMBERED HIS WAY UP TO THE BATTLEMENTS...



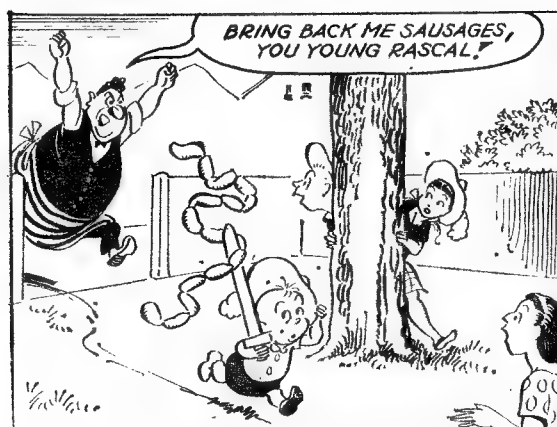
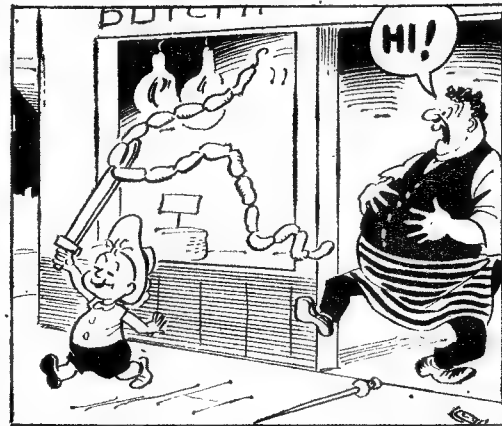
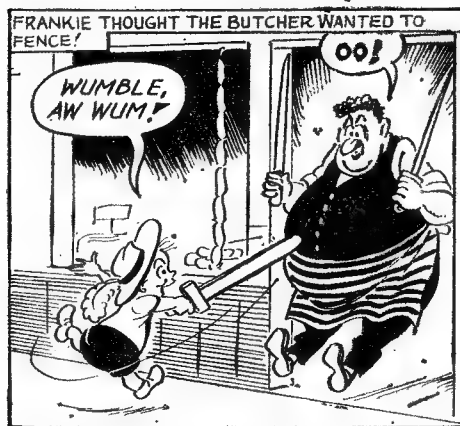
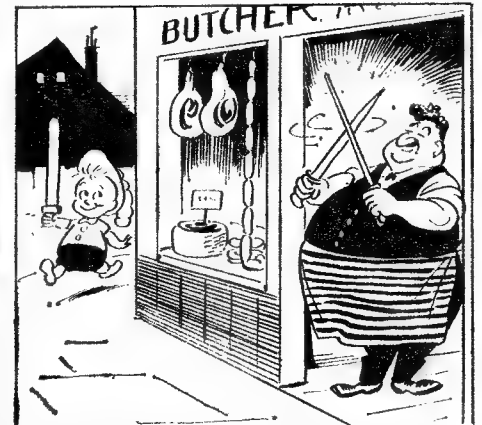
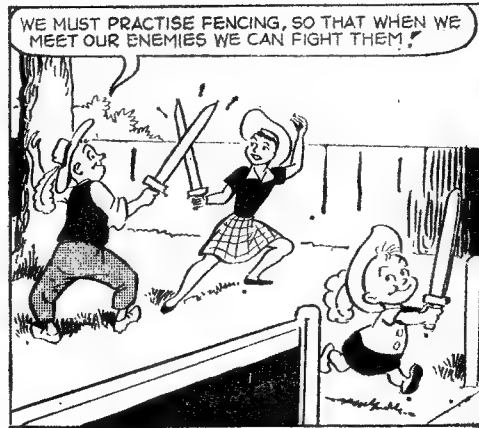
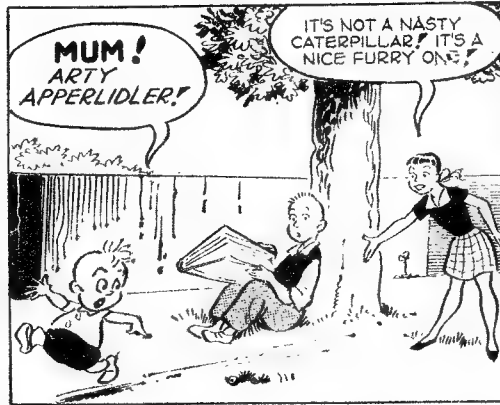
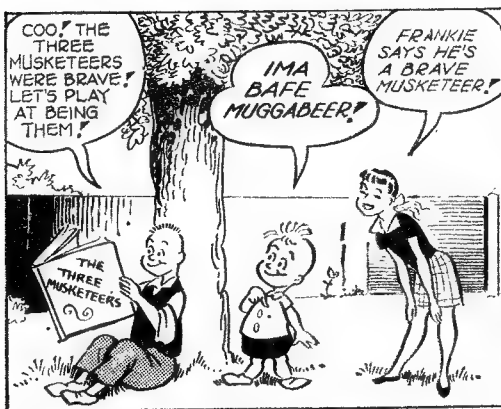
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE OTHER HALF OF THE CRUSADERS - AND LIM HOPO - WERE IN DEADLY DANGER THEMSELVES...



IS THIS MISSION OF MERCY TO END IN COMPLETE DISASTER? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

FRANKIE DABBLES IN SWORD PLAY TODAY... IT'S A CUT-AND-THRUST COMEDY!

The HAPPY FAMILY



JOIN THE HILARIOUS HAPPY FAMILY FOR ANOTHER FUN-FILLED FROLIC NEXT WEEK!

YOUNG LEN'S BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE . . . A HOPELESS LUMBERJACK HE BE!

POTTY POEM



HELLO, PARDS,
HOW YA DOING?
I'M LEN THE
LUMBERJACK.
CAN'T SHAKE
HANDS YET -
I NEED 'EM
BOTH,
OR I'LL BE FLAT ON BACK!



MY LIFE IT
IS A
ROUGH ONE,
I WORK IN
FOREST DEEP,
I DON'T
SUPPOSE I'D
REST AT ALL,
EXCEPT WHEN
MADE TO SLEEP!



WHEN I WAS
QUITE A NIPPER,
SAID POP TO
MOM, "HI, BELLA!
YOUNG LEN'S
CHOPPED LEGS
OF TABLE OFF -
THAT LAD'S A
SMART YOUNG FELLER!"



AT SCHOOL I DID MY
LESSONS.
MY TEACHER WAS
A GOOD 'UN,
SAID HE
"IF YOU
LEARN
TIMBER TRADE,
I'LL SUE THAT HEAD
-IT'S WOODEN!"



AND SO
WHEN
I LEFT
'COLLEGE',
MY
JOB
AT
SAWMILLS
STARTED -



I SAWED
SOME
WOOD
AND
BOSS
WAS
CROSS -



-SO
I
AND
CROSS
BOSS
PARTED!



AT NEXT PLACE I
LEARNED RIDING.
BUT NOT WITH
REINS OR
BITS -
I HAD
TO RIDE
SOME LOGS
DOWNSTREAM -



-YOU
TRY
IT -
I
DID
'SPLITS'!



I
BUILT
MY
OWN
LOG
CABIN -



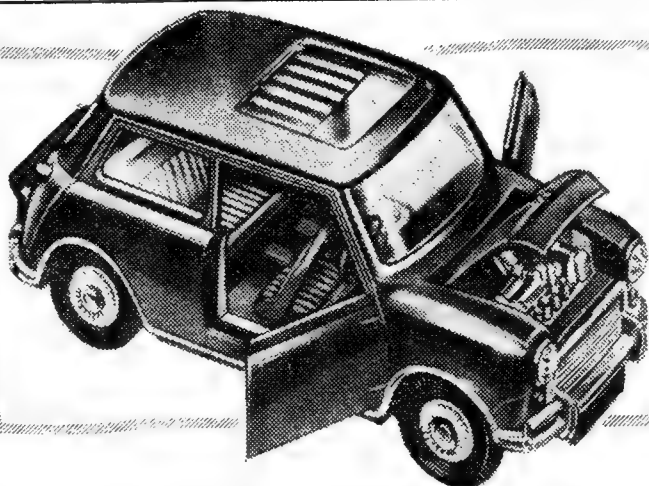
-THERE IS NO
BATHROOM YET,
WHY NEED
THERE BE?
'COS WHEN
IT RAINS
THE WHOLE
DARNED
SHACK GETS WET!



NOW, PARONERS,
I MUST
LEAVE YOU -
(CAN'T SIGN
MY AUTOGRAPH)
'COS PENCIL'S
BLUNT AND
SO IS AXE -



-AND
I
CAN'T
WRITE -
DON'T
LAUGH!



the hot...

The hot Mini Magnifique. Hottest Mini ever. With opening doors, opening bonnet, opening boot, and sliding sun roof. Tip-up seats, jewelled headlights, plated grille and bumpers, plated engine, and authentic wheels. The hot Mini Magnifique. It's got the lot. No. 334 Length 3' Price 7/6

the hilarious

Hey, hey it's the Monkees! They never stop monkeying around. Now Peter, Micky, Mike, and Davy are monkeying around in this crazy hot-rod they call the Monkeemobile. It's got spring suspension, plated engine and trim, and of course, the Monkees! No. 227 Length 4' Price 8/9



See the whole range in the NEW 48 page, full colour catalogue. Price 6d.

CORGI TOYS

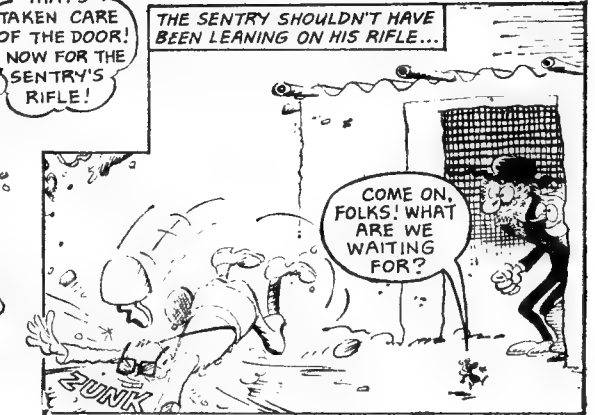
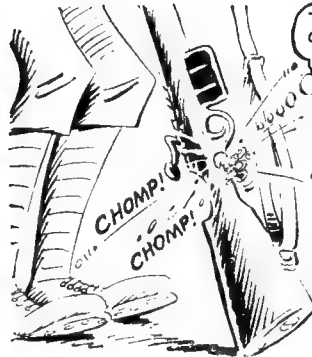
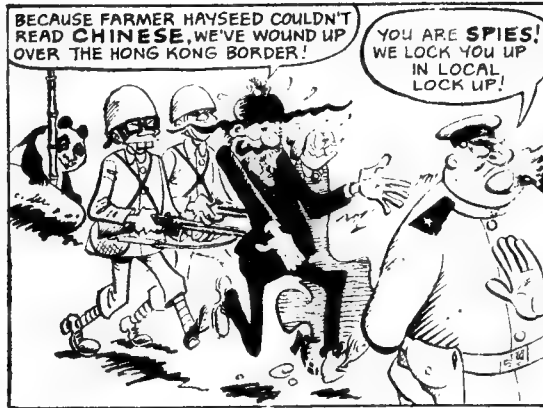
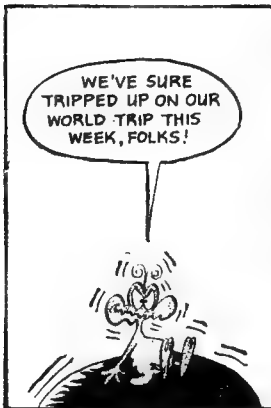


CRUNCHER GETS SHOT OF A SENTRY'S RIFLE... AND THAT TRIGGERS OFF AN UPRISING!



CRUNCHER

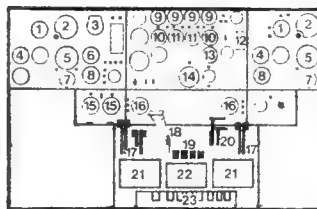
THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



YO-HO-HO! EVEN CHINESE PIRATES CAN'T GET THE BETTER OF CRUNCHER NEXT MONDAY!

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE R.A.F.-1

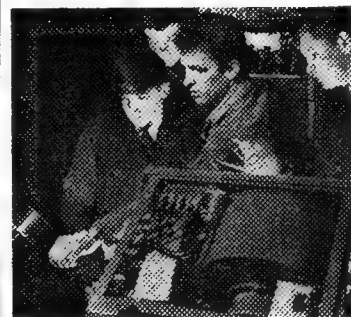
The VC10 that never was



1. Airspeed indicator
2. Horizon director indicator
3. Altimeter
4. Machmeter
5. Course deviation indicator
6. Vertical speed indicator
7. Turn and slip indicator
8. ADF indicator
9. RPM indicators
10. Slat position indicators
11. Flap position indicators
12. Undercarriage selector lever
13. Aileron trim indicator
14. Tacan indicator
15. Wheel-brake pressure gauges
16. Auto-pilot trim indicators
17. Tail trim levers
18. Speed-brake lever
19. Thrust levers
20. Flap/slat levers
21. Pilot's intercom, control panels
22. Auto-thrust control panel
23. Auto-pilot control panel



Even at 13 you could make a start in the Air Training Corps. You'd get lots of fun and thrills, and it would be a great help in joining the R.A.F. later.



From 15½ to 17½, you could join as an apprentice. These boys are on a 2-year electronics course. And they get plenty of sport and adventure too!



From 17½ onwards, you could come in as a trade trainee, or with 5 acceptable O-Levels, you could start training as an officer.

This is the cabin of a VC10 that will never leave the ground. But it will fly anywhere. It can be made to land at any airport. It can crash into the sea at 200 mph—and then take off again!

It is the R.A.F.'s new VC10 flight simulator—the most advanced in Britain. Packed with intricate hydraulic, electrical and electronic engineering. Outside, it is simply the first 15 feet of the nose of a VC10. Inside, you can't tell it from the real thing. It is used to train aircrew to fly the VC10's of Air Support Command.

It will reproduce every manoeuvre and every hazard a VC10 is likely to encounter. Turbulence, pitching, rolling, fog—almost anything can be arranged! It answers every

movement of the control column—or you can switch to automatic pilot. As you throttle back to land, you lower a non-existent undercarriage with a soft thud, and then you hear the sound of the wind rushing through it. As you touch down, you get the authentic jolt of a real plane, and the rumble of the wheels on the tarmac. And it gives aircrew experience in emergencies that would be impossible any other way. After all, who'd bring a real VC10 down into the sea just for experience?

The small picture shows an essential part of the simulator. A relief model of the Brize Norton area, where the simulator is, with the airfield complete with landing lights in the centre. A colour TV

camera moves and tilts on a travelling rig which follows the controls in the simulator cabin. The crew can take off from Brize Norton, fly to any part of the world and land there without even leaving the ground; all made possible by new simulator techniques.

The R.A.F. has all kinds of revolutionary new equipment. And more is constantly coming . . . new aircraft, computers, radar systems, electronic test gear, fire fighting equipment, even new filing systems. To operate it and service it all needs dozens of different skills. And in them, the R.A.F. provides a first-class, full-time training. If you're interested in aircraft and technology, the R.A.F. might be the life for you one day. Think about it.

Royal Air Force

Send this coupon for your free copy of the colour leaflet, "The R.A.F.—it's Supersonic". It tells you more about the R.A.F.—and it opens up into a super wall chart for your bedroom too!

Name

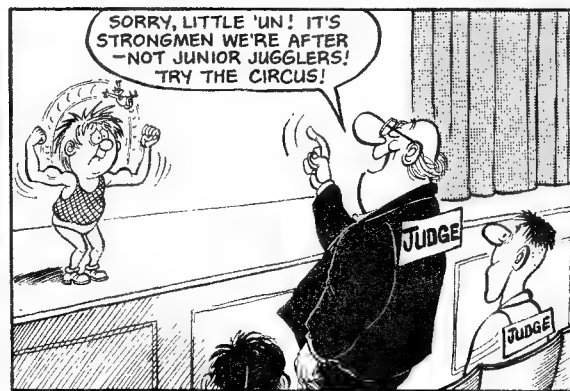
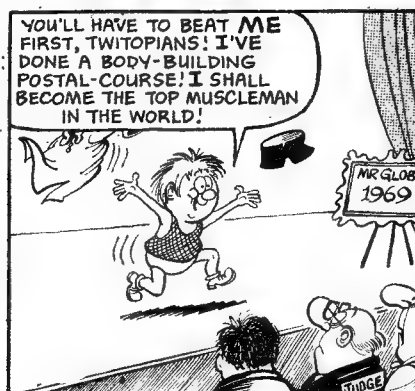
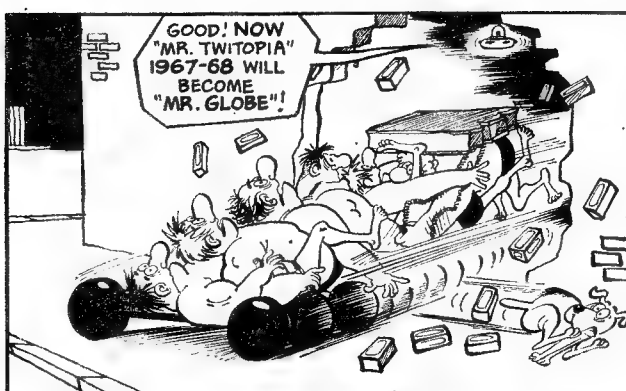
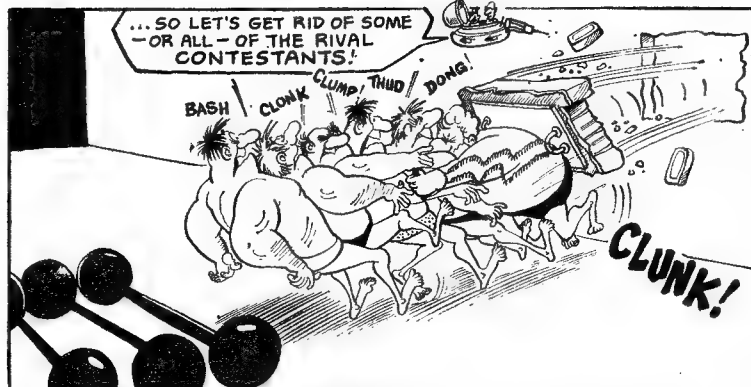
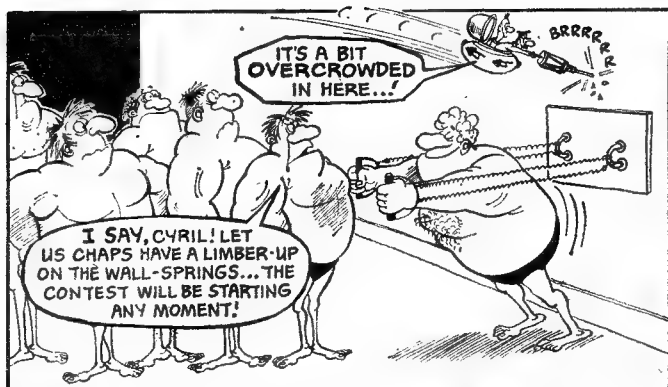
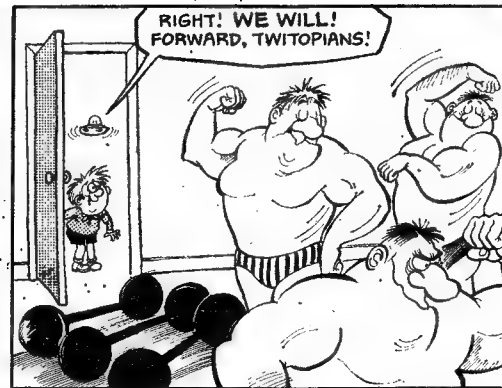
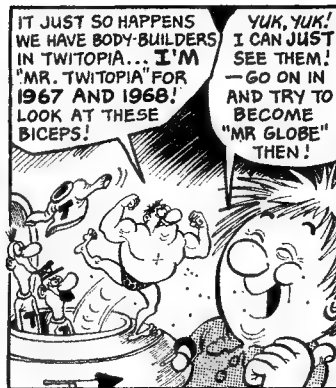
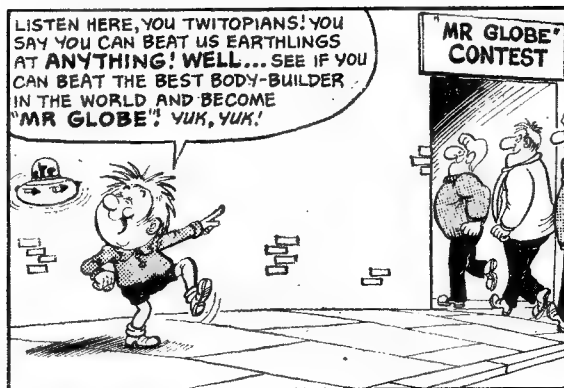
Address

Age

Send coupon now to
R.A.F. Careers Information Service
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London, W.C.2.



CAN A TWITOPIAN WIN A MUSCLE-MAN CONTEST? SEE HOW THINGS DEVELOP!



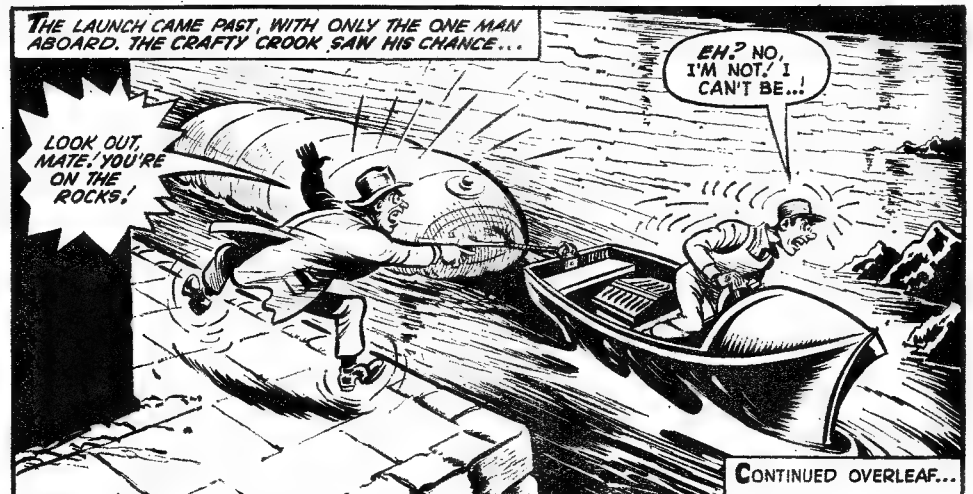
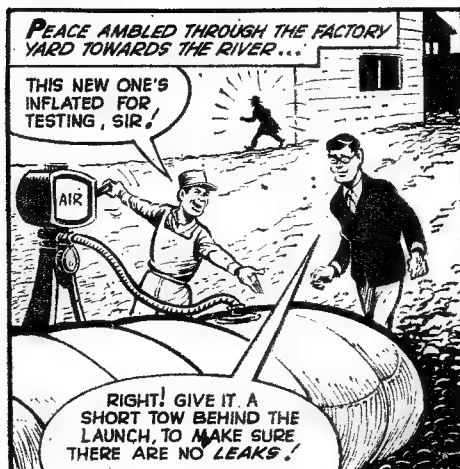
THE SPACEMEN TRY AGAIN TO SCORE A SUCCESS NEXT WEEK... THIS TIME AT TABLE TENNIS!

CHARLIE WARMED TO THE THOUGHT OF MAKING MONEY OUT OF HOME-HEATING FUEL!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



In Charlie Peace's early life, oil lamps were widely used to combat Victorian winters. Now, having been transported in a time-machine to modern days, the famous crook found that oil was still sold—but in up-to-date style...

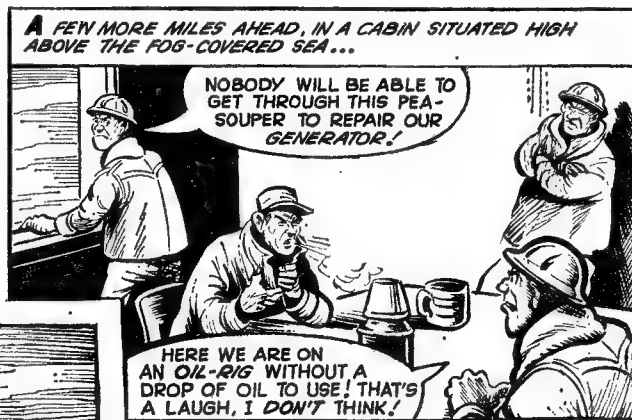
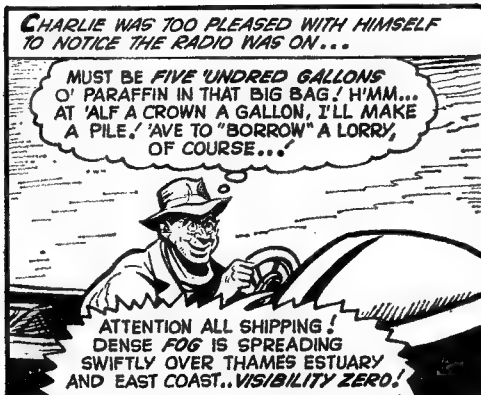
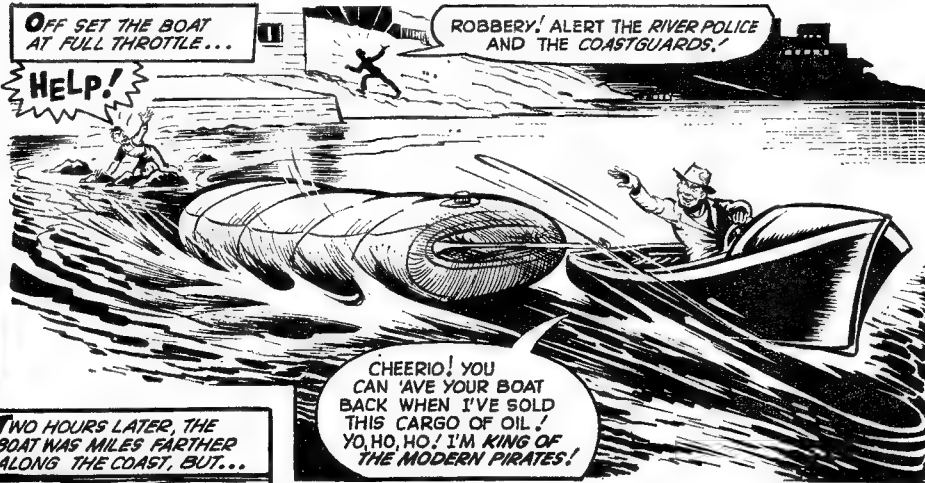


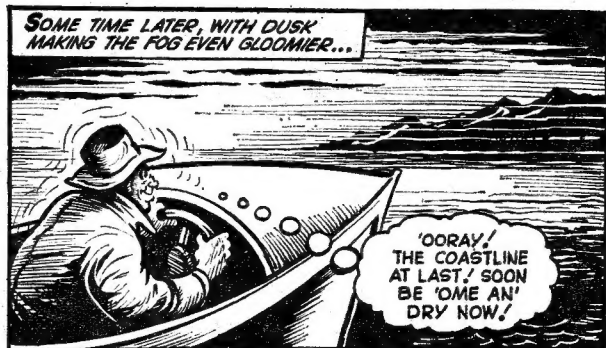
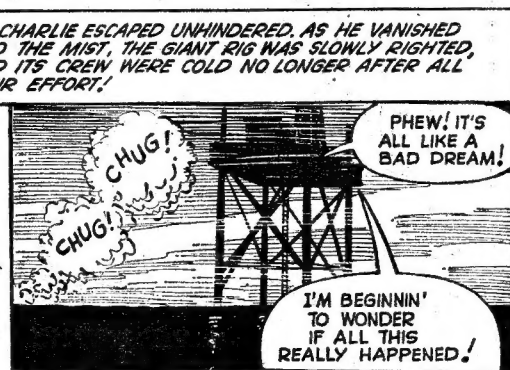
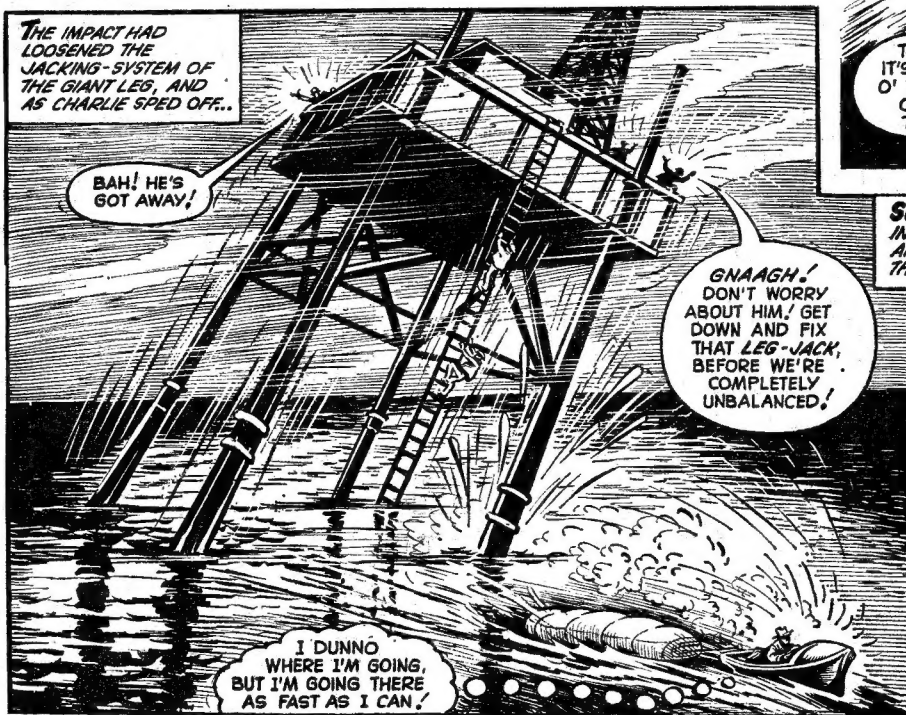
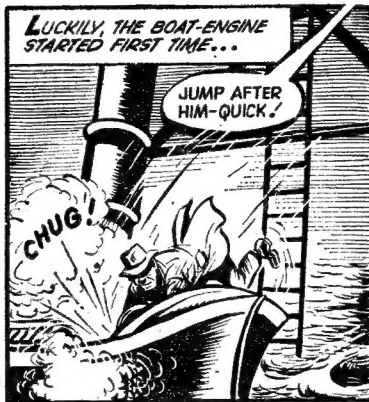
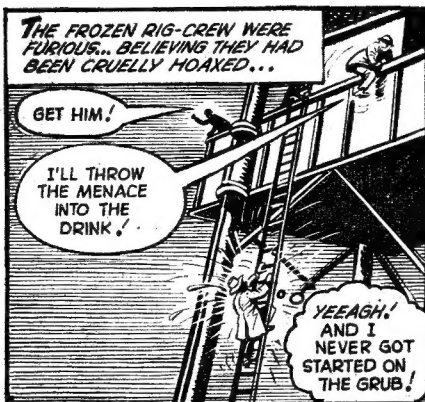
CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

BECAUSE OF A DENSE SEA FOG, THE ARCH-ROGUE "MIST" HIS BEARINGS!



OFF SET THE BOAT AT FULL THROTTLE...
HELP!





THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT WITH CHARLIE ABOUT! MEET HIM AGAIN NEXT MONDAY!

SEND IN AN ENTRY TODAY... A CASH PRIZE MAY COME YOUR WAY!

BUSTER Giggles

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

10/-

FOR THE SENDER OF EACH JOKE PUBLISHED

£1

FOR THE JOKE OF THE WEEK!

HOW TO ENTER:

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

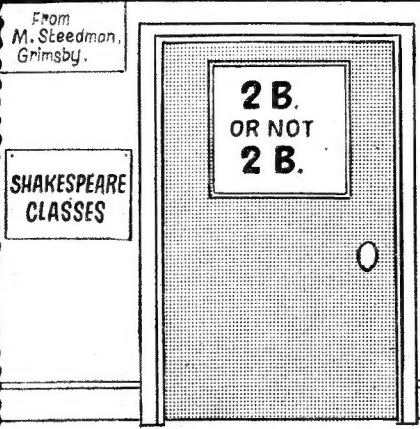
A CASH PRIZE OF 10/- WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH JOKE PUBLISHED AND £1 FOR THE "JOKE OF THE WEEK!"

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize).

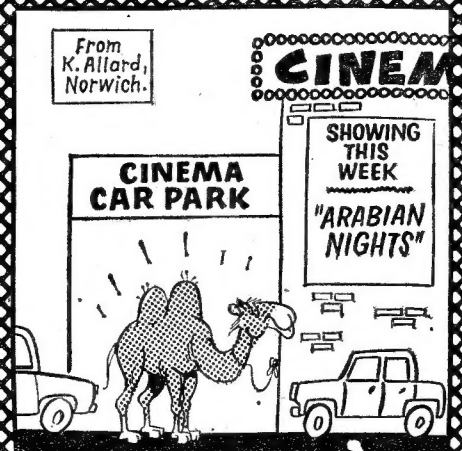
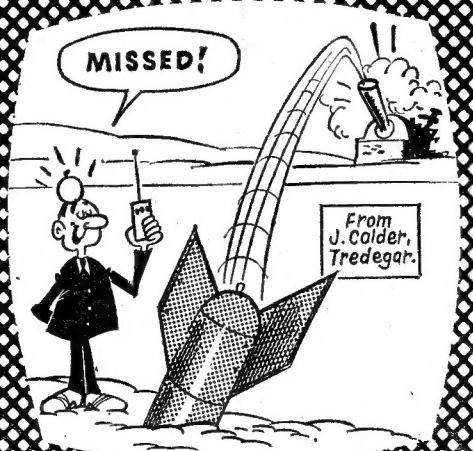
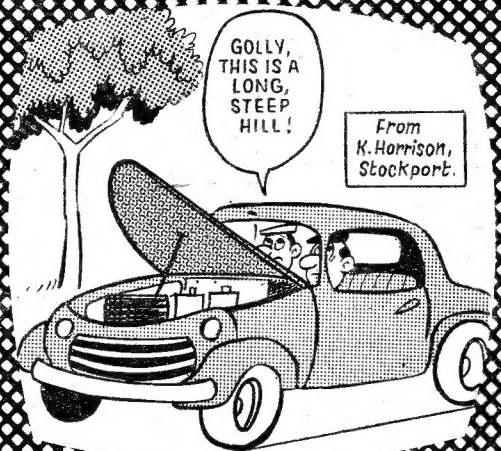
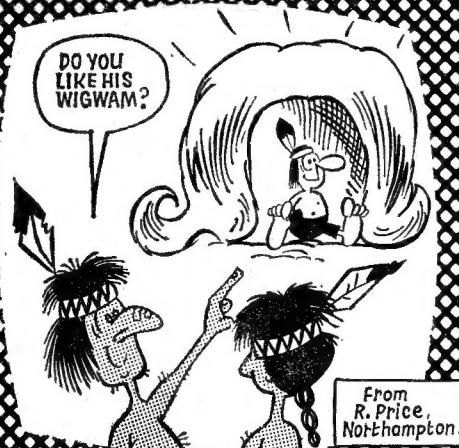
MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.



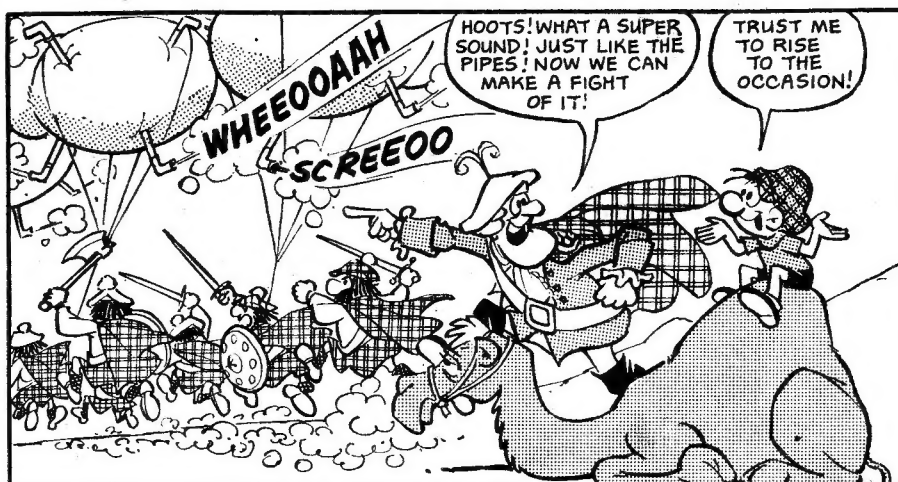
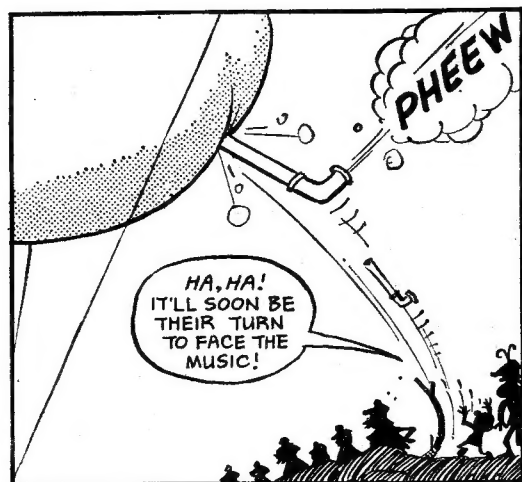
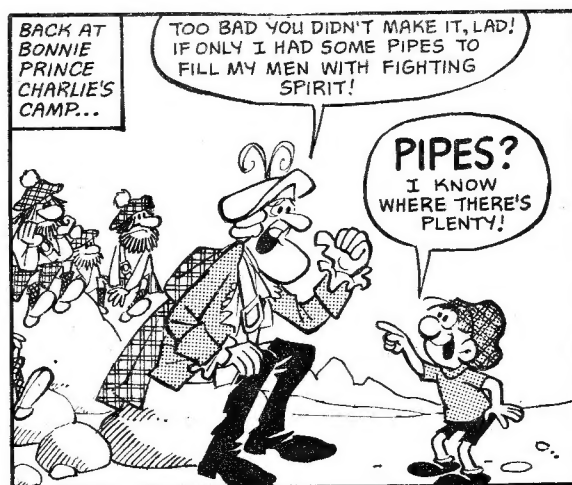
JOKE of the WEEK



Still only 1^D



- * *Anglo Bubbly blows the bubbliest bubbles you've ever bubbled!*
- * *Blows more big bubbles*
- * *The bubble gum—with a great flavour that lasts and lasts*



NEXT WEEK'S DREAM-TALE WILL BUBBLE OVER WITH FUN... THANKS TO SOME SOAP POWDER!

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